

Good Morning 295

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Yorkshire Pud's Awaiting You A.B. GEORGE MARRINER

HEY! Able Seaman George lar egg. No, sir! She puts one egg on one side, then another—so that she always has a fresh egg in the house, just you one wish. What would you wish for?

We know! You'd wish for one of your mother's famous Yorkshire puds, served up with some roast beef—and then you'd want to round the meal off with a generous hunk of apple pie, as only she can make it.

Well, here's letting you into a big secret. Since you last went back to base, Ma has been saving a shell egg to make you one of those swell puds. Now, don't get us wrong—we don't mean that she is saving this particu-

lar egg. No, sir! She puts one egg on one side, then another—so that she always has a fresh egg in the house, just you one wish. What would you wish for?

We called at lunch time, George, and here's the menu—and the picture shows Ma preparing it. Cold lamb, mashed potatoes, sprouts, apple pie and custard, and—yes, you've guessed correctly—the inevitable Yorkshire cup of tea.

And here's a message for your mates. Gather round, boys, and get an earful of this. George's Ma was a cook in private service before she married, and she's now back on the job cooking daily for one hun-

ON July 11th, 1927, a tall man, with good features, wavy hair, and a frank, open face, stood in the dock before Mr. Justice Swift. The name of the prisoner was John Robinson. He was charged with murder.

John Robinson had omitted to destroy a bloodstained match. That forgetfulness took him to the gallows.

The tracing of John Robinson gave the police quite a lot of work. His was a trunk crime. To appreciate all the difficulties, or most of them, in this murder case, one must go back to May 6th, 1927, when a man drove up in a taxi-cab to Charing Cross railway station and deposited a rather shabby trunk in the cloakroom. The letter "A" was printed on each end of the trunk, and the initials "I.F.A." on the top.

Having left the trunk in the cloakroom, this man hailed another taxi and drove off, but as he entered the cab he dropped the cloakroom ticket. A passing newsboy saw the ticket flutter down to the road. The newsboy took the ticket back to the cloakroom and handed it over to the attendant.

On the 10th May, owing to a complaint by the cloakroom men, the police opened the trunk. It contained the dismembered body of a woman. Scotland Yard was called in,

dread happy youngsters who attend the Barby Junior School.

So if George—in one of his rash moments—says "How's about spending a spot of leave with me, fellas?" you know what to answer. Take the guy up on it pronto—and you'll get a feed that you'll remember for the rest of your lives.

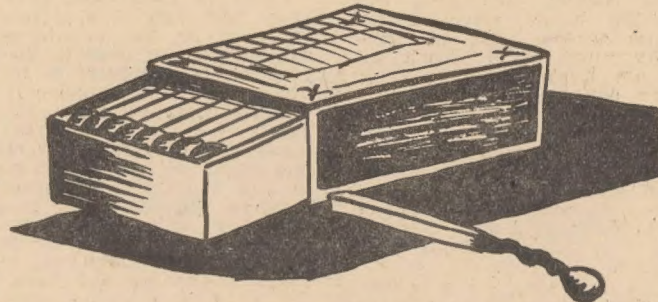
And here's one more titbit for the crew. There's no wonder that George volunteered for the Navy. How could he do anything else when his name's Marriner and he lives at River Street?

All's well at home, George, and Mother sends her fondest love. Good Hunting!

Crooks need longest memories

Just one bloody "Light"—was hanged

30 MAR 1944



and Chief Detective Inspector (as he was then) Cornish took charge of the investigations. He expected it to be a tough case. It was.

On a tie-on label on the trunk was written in block letters, "F. AUSTIN TO ST. LEONARDS." Among a quantity of bloodstained clothing inside the trunk were a garment marked "P. Holt" and others with various laundry marks. The first thing the police sought was "F. Austin," at St. Leonards. They found an F. Austin, but he soon proved he was not the Austin wanted.

There was a family named Holt living in Chelsea, to whom one of the garments was traced. This brought the information that the dead woman had been engaged, under the name of Mrs. Roles, as a cook to the Holt family, but had been discharged after one week because of insolence.

I cannot go into all the labour of the police, but will summarise the stages of the investigation. A Mr. Roles was discovered who had lived with this "Mrs. Roles," but not as his legal wife.

Next revelation was that "Mrs. Roles" really was Mrs. Bonati, wife of an Italian waiter in London. He identified her without hesitation. More inquiries led to the truth that Minnie Bonati was given to meeting men, that she was a woman of intemperate habits and had a vile temper. But all this did not get the murderer.

The trunk was found to have been bought in Brixton. The dealer who sold it remembered the letters "A" in white and the other initials. So that meant that the letters did not belong to the murderer at all.

A cabman and the conductor of an omnibus, on which vehicles a man and trunk had been driven to Rochester Row, were found.

The police concentrated on Rochester Row. There were many offices there. A trunk had been seen in a corridor, but it had disappeared, just

about the time that the offices of "Edwards and Co., Estate and Business Transfer Agents," became vacant.

Who were Edwards and Co.? They were a one-man concern, and the one man was Mr. John Robinson.

The police found that Edwards and Co. did not do any business worth talking about. There was a typist who read books and powdered her face; and Mr. John Robinson spent much of his time going out for drinks.

Mr. Robinson had been living near Camberwell Green, and had left, telling his landlady that he was going into the country. He had not gone farther than Kennington. Mr. Robinson was asked to come to

sion follows. The confession is generally the truth, or much of it.

And that is what happened to John Robinson. Finding the time dragging in that waiting-room, he went through all the stages—and then broke.

Cornish was told by the policeman who was with Robinson that the latter wanted him to come and "he would tell him all about it."

Before Cornish allowed Robinson to start talking he did the usual thing. He told Robinson that he need not make a statement unless he wanted to, and warned him that if he made one it would all be taken down in writing, and "might be used against him."

So there was Robinson in the net. But not quite. Not quite. For his statement was no confession of murder.

He said that he had met the woman at Victoria Station casually. As she seemed to be at a loose end he asked her to have a drink, and when he told her he had an office in Rochester Row she suggested coming back with him. As his typist had left for the day, Robinson went back with Mrs. Bonati "because he was glad of someone to talk to."

But (said Robinson), when they were in the office he sat down to write a letter; and, when he had finished, the woman started to tell him a hard-up story and asked for money. He refused to give her any; she became abusive, raged at him, and "came towards him threateningly." He pushed her away. She bent down to pick up "something" from the fireplace and came towards him. Then he hit her. She fell backward, struck a chair, and so remained.

Thinking she would revive and then go away, he left her and went home. But next morning the body was still there, her head on a cushion. He panicked, and ultimately decided to carve her up and put her in a trunk.

By a curious coincidence, he bought a carving knife from the very same shop that Patrick Mahon, the Crumbles murderer, got his knife to do his carving-up of another woman.

Well, that was Robinson's defence. He had absolutely no motive for killing her, and his counsel at the trial suggested that Minnie Bonati had died of suffocation, her face buried in the cushion.

It seemed a good defence, for the prosecution could not suggest a real motive for murder, either; but the defence was blown sky-high when Sir Bernard Spilsbury proved that Mrs. Bonati had been strangled. And only Robinson, on his own showing, could have strangled her.

Of course, there was no excuse for carving her up and putting her inside a trunk; but they could not hang him for that alone.

If he hadn't thrown that bloodstained match into the waste-paper basket Robinson might have escaped the gallows. But the match hanged him.

Stuart Martin tells "What Crook Forgot"

Scotland Yard and have a talk with Det. Insp. Cornish.

He came, and proved very affable. He told the story of his life frankly, even admitting that he had made an error and become a bigamist. He had been a gentleman of parts, having worked as a tram conductor in Blackpool, then in the Army for the 1914 war, discharged in 1923, had been a bookmaker, green-grocer, milkman, van driver, barman, and finally estate agent.

He denied that he knew anything about Mrs. Minnie Bonati or had ever seen her. He was allowed to walk out of Scotland Yard "without a stain."

The office of Edwards and Co. had already been examined, but Cornish sent down two smart men to make a more detailed examination.

In a waste-paper basket these two men found a match with bloodstains on it.

They had also found a check duster in the trunk beside the body, with bloodstains. When that duster was washed the word "Greyhound" was revealed. Next step: "Greyhound" was the name of a pub. Robinson had been a barman. Moreover, the girl he had bigamously married had been employed at a "Greyhound."

See how the trail moves now? Once again Robinson was visited and asked to come and see Cornish at the Yard. He got up out of bed and came—with police officers.

Let me here say there is an old, old test that has been worked from time immemorial, not only at the Yard, but elsewhere. They let him cool his heels in the waiting-room. It doesn't do any harm, and it often does good. Not knowing how much the other fellows know, the man in the waiting-room gradually gets uneasy, then nervous; and if he is highly strung he often breaks down, and a confes-

And Home Town News—For Everyone

BUCKET DRILL.

IN a south-west raid an incendiary dropped on the roof of a night watchman's hut and bounced off into the road.

Fire guards rushed to the scene. But, pouf! the flames disappeared as if by magic. "What did you do with it?" they asked that imperturbable "Ebenezer."

"Oh, that! Oi just tipped m' blinkin' fire-bucket on 'em."

ABERDONIAN TRIP?

THE other day, at Taynuilt, Argyllshire, there was great excitement when a man was seen clinging to a buffer of a passenger train, travelling between 60 and 70 miles an hour, between Taynuilt and Achnacloch.

Rail officials got in touch with officials at the next station, Achnacloch, four miles away, but when the train got there the man had disappeared.

Perhaps he was an Aberdonian and had dropped off to find a threepenny-piece that had been spuggled out of his pocket.

OVERHEARD IN TORQUAY.

"WE never have any arguments now as to who shall fetch up the coals, darling. We just ballot."

PERTH HIGH JINKS.

IN the dear, daft days beyond recall people set up records in the States for pole-squatting. We smiled superiorly at these antics, and yet at midnight, not so long ago, a woman fainted in South Methven Street, Perth, because of the antics of a man on the roof of a 60ft.-high building.

This curious exhibitionist balanced himself on chimneys and walked along narrow ledges, and then climbed a flagpole and stood calmly puffing a cigarette.

Out turned the N.F.S. An officer of the Service played a floodlight on this daring solo turn, and then the police got busy.

A fire escape was pushed through an attic window, a man in blue said, "You can't do that there 'ere," and quickly put a stop to the man's very high jinks.

CARDIFF'S AIR CHALLENGE.

CARDIFF has a vision of a vast new airport—an extension of the present one, where you may be able to take off not only for a quick trip to Paris, but later to Canada and U.S.A.

Alderman O. C. Purnell is shortly going to America on a mission to study post-war

civil air line development. He has a lot of surprises in his bag.

POINTS RECOVERY.

ANOTHER yarn from the Book Recovery camp. This one happened at Colchester.

An old lady rushed into the collecting depot to say that her grandson, who had brought a number of old books, had left his ration book in one of them!

Believe it or not, the scrutineers spent three days looking through 50,000 magazines, novels, scientific works, etc.—and found the ration book.

48 YEARS BEHIND.

AND here is another strange but true occurrence.

Mr. Henry Robb, the Leith shipbuilder, distributing certificates to students in Edinburgh, said that he had recently received a certificate for proficiency in science and marine mercantile architecture which he had gained as a boy at Ayr in 1896.

An education official, going over some old documents, had retrieved it and sent it on to Mr. Robb, who said he was very proud to get it.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

PART VI

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

IS Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

The "gondola of London" was the name given by Lord Beaconsfield to the hansom cab. This two-wheeled one-horse vehicle, invented by Joseph A. Hansom in 1843, was a common means of travel in London and other of our cities before the coming of the petrol-taxi.

Hara-kiri, or "happy despatch," the custom of suicide by compulsion, is no longer permitted in Japan. The condemned person gave himself the first cut, and if his courage failed after that, a friend finished the job.

The swiftest known purgative is jalap, a drug made from the roots of certain herbaceous plants of the Mexican Andes, growing 6,000 to 8,000 feet up.

The Janissaries were Turkish foot soldiers who acted as the Sultan's bodyguard, and their cruelties were so terrible that, about a hundred years ago, the people rose against them and massacred many thousands, after which they were disbanded.

QUIZ

for today

1. An anchorite is a shell-fish, sailor, insect, measure of rum, hermit, attendant on a priest?
2. Who wrote (a) The Spanish Gypsy, (b) The Spanish Tragedy?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Cabbage, Potato, Cauliflower?
4. What is the popular name for cirro-cumulus clouds?
5. How many ships sailed in the Spanish Armada, and how many returned?
6. Which came first, the Plague of London or the Fire of London?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Dogmatise, Dispenche, Disparage, Distaff, Debouch, Demurage?
8. Who is the Delai Lama?
9. What is the speed of a flying goose?
10. What do Americans call "Old Glory"?
11. How did Samson lose his strength?
12. Which county was represented by the red rose in the Wars of the Roses?

Answers to Quiz in No. 294

1. Drink.
2. (a) Haecel, (b) Erskine Childers.
3. Ireland is an island; others are not.
4. 66.
5. It is so salt that ordinary fish cannot live in it.
6. Spofforth (Australian).
7. Occultism, Osteopath.
8. Mr. A. E. Saunders, with Kingsway.
9. From right to left.
10. 68 m.p.h.
11. No (it has been flown over).
12. Green, white and orange.

"CHANGE FOR CHANGE, SAR?"

WHEN the Boer War was over, I had a few weeks on the beach in Calcutta, having been paid off from a ship in the Hoogly. In those days fo'c'sle hands regarded Calcutta as their own particular playground—Palm Beach and Monte Carlo rolled into one. For next to nothing a man could be fitted up in a white suit and sun-helmet. If he did not feel like paying the modest rent of the Strand Road Sailors' Home it was warm enough to sleep beneath the bushes on the Maidan. Huge feeds of curry could be had for a few annas.

Lying back in a gharry, with a huge cheroot in the corner of his mouth, poor Jack would not have called the King his uncle. He could eat, drink and be merry in the very wide sense the sailor understands the words, and still have something left out of two half-crowns.

Some months later I sailed out of Liverpool in the "Bakana," and later in the "Boni," owned by the Elder Dempster Line. These ships are known to sailors as the Monkey Mail boats, as at one time they brought back large numbers of apes from the West Coast of Africa to be used for scientific experiments. In those days many of the men did trading on their own account, and made a good thing out of it. I remember my surprise when one

fireman joined the "Bakana" wearing a diamond tie-pin in his choker, diamond rings, and cloth-topped boots.

Down in Lagos and Monrovia that man used to rent my bunk in the fo'c'sle at five shillings a time to display his merchandise to his black, grinning customers. He had watches and caps, mouth-organs, necklaces, pipes, playing-cards, hair oil and soap. On a good trip he cleared from three to four hundred pounds, and said that the only reason the Jews were not in the trade was that they would have to shovel coal to get out there.

But the most important sideline was parrots. Everyone, from the galley-boy up, used to speculate in them, some men buying as many as a couple of hundred. You bought them either for cash or "change for change" with jars of pickles, old clothes, or sticks of tobacco. It was impossible to walk along an alleyway or enter a fo'c'sle without the risk of having a piece nipped out of your ear.

With nearly a thousand parrots aboard, the row was terrible. No sooner would one pick up a word than they would all learn it, the shrieking, yelling and cackling sounding like a mad-house mutiny. Contrary to what shore people believe, we took care not to swear more than was necessary in front of the parrots. If one had picked up a piece of profanity they would all have been at it in a couple of days, which would have ruined them for the market. It was bad enough to have them shouting "Kiss Polly!" and "Let go aft!" from morning till night.

You might think that all those parrots coming into English ports would soon flood the market, but the wily natives, knowing this, mixed ground glass with their food before they came on board. In consequence, many of the birds died even before we reached cold weather. Once I had twelve, and only one survived. This I sold, together with a dog-faced monkey, for two pounds, which just cleared expenses.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



WAR DANCE OF THE IMPIS.

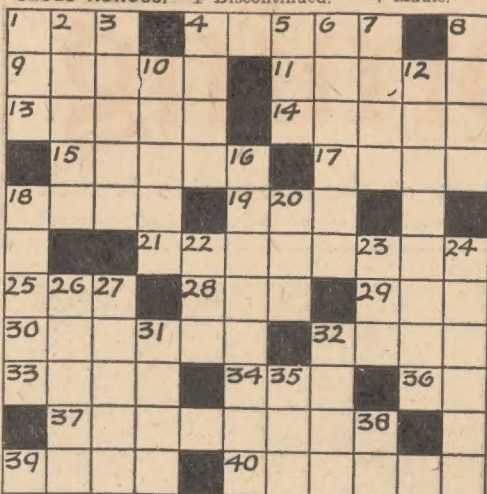
Remember Rider Haggard's brilliant stories of the Zulu warriors who "stamped the earth flat" when they went to war? That was in the days of Lobengula and Chaka the Terrible. And this is the Zulu of to-day going through the same dance of defiance on the same land; but it is the white man who has "stamped the earth flat" now. And there are no Impis (armies). For these Zulus are workers in the Rand, and their link with the past is performed in play—which is just as well.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Discontinued. 4 Mau's.



CLUES DOWN.
1 Casual. 2 Somerset town. 3 Conclusive. 4 Baker's shovel. 5 Nix. 6 Boy's name. 7 Mop. 8 Chafe. 10 Outlets. 12 Oily liquid. 16 Ardent wish. 18 Tre. 20 Unfold. 22 Bovine sound. 23 Difficulty. 24 Through this. 26 Engrave. 27 Nonsense. 31 Spoken. 32 Farm building. 35 Scottish river. 38 Short street.

9 Golf stroke. 11 Reduce. 13 Recipient. 14 Brilliant colour. 15 Virile. 17 Border on. 18 Part of shoe. 19 Age. 21 Impetuous. 25 Perform. 28 Mineral. 29 Stamp. 30 Cast. 32 Ill-mannered man. 33 Locks. 34 Girl's name. 36 Direction. 37 Wrenches. 39 Fat boat. 40 Mildly.

Solution to Problem in No. 294.

SPRINGER
TOUT LAIRD
TANG TORPOR
AID ROW SUE
PRESUMES TA
R ROD ROT M
OF SIDELINE
OLD MUD CAR
TOOTED SKIS
SPOON HEEL
RETREATS

HUMOUR QUOTES

The Government was contemplating the dispatch of an expedition to Burma, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition. The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington and asked his advice. He instantly replied, "Send Lord Combermere."

"But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool."

"So he is a fool, and a damned fool; but he can take Rangoon."

G. W. E. Russell's
"Collections and Recollections."

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

A BOY had 10 sixpenny savings stamps on his card. Two people gave him 20 more between them to enable him to buy a 15/- certificate. If only, he thought, one had given me 5/- stamps and the other 2/6 stamps, instead of 6d. ones, I should have enough to buy four certificates instead of one. How many 6d. stamps did each give him?

(Answer on Page 3)

WANGLING WORDS—250

1. Put harsh in BAM and make a conveyance.
2. Rearrange the letters of ANY ON THE END to make a Cabinet Minister (two words).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: EASY into COME, WOLF into LAMB, DOGS into HAIR, LONG into MILE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SALVAGED?

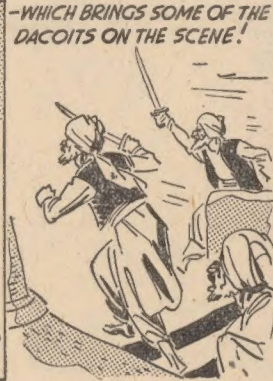
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 249

1. PERsevere.
2. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.
3. BAKE, BATE, BATS, BITS, PITS, PIES, PALE, PALL, PAIL, PAID, SAID, SLID, SLED, SPED, APED, AGED, AGES, ALES, WINE, FINE, FIND, FOND, FOOD, WOOD, MAIL, MAIN, RAIN, RAID, LAID, LAND, LANE, PANE, PANS, PAYS, DAYS.
4. Ria, Rot, Rat, Lit, Tar, Tor, Lot, Art, Ort, etc. Rail, Liar, Lair, Tail, Toil, Rota, Alto, Trio, Oral, Riot, etc. Trail, Trial—etc.?

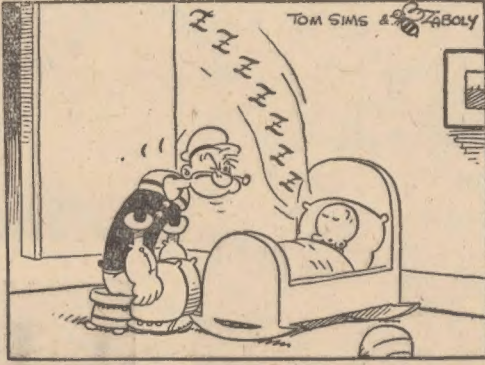
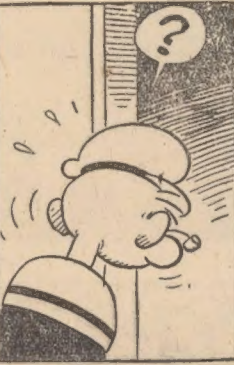
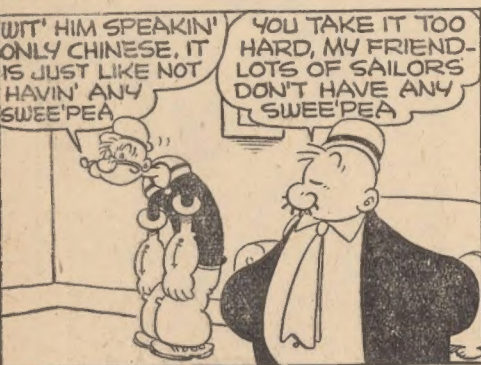
BEELZEBUB JONES



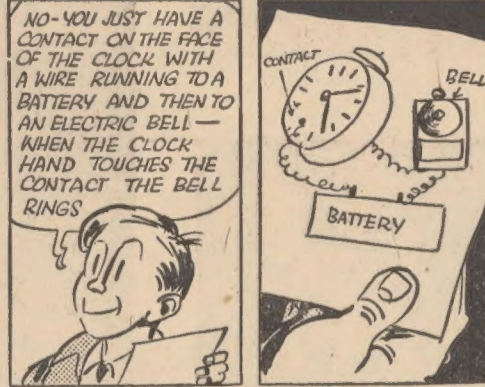
BELINDA



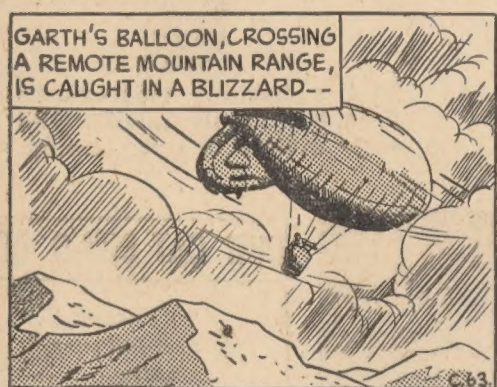
POPEYE



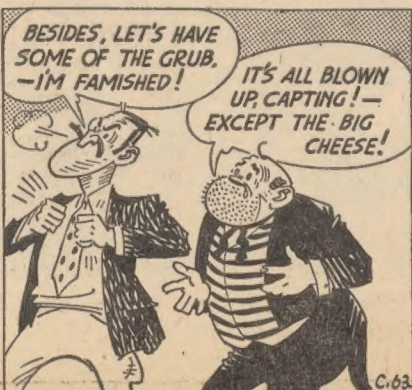
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



GOOD HUNTING

By CLARK GABLE

LEUT. CLARK GABLE, now hunting Germans, recalls in a letter to you experiences he had when hunting wild animals in America.

"The first thing I'll do when I get home will be to keep a date with a bear up near the Canadian border in Montana. It's one of the two hunting thrills I haven't experienced. The other is tiger-hunting in India. When I have done both I will be willing to hang up my Sedgley-Springfield .30-06 and call it a day.

"I hope the bear doesn't read this, because big-game hunters tell me the grizzly is the smartest, toughest, gamest animal that walks on four feet.



"A friend of mine who has bagged both bear and tiger tells me that knocking over a tiger is like hunting in a zoo compared to going after a grizzly in his native haunts.

"From him I got the impression that the well-equipped bear hunter should carry an elephant gun, two .45's, and a knife in his teeth. That's recommendation enough for anyone who enjoys hunting as I do.

"I get a great kick out of being in the open, bacon and coffee cooked over a camp fire, the chase, and matching wits with an animal.

"Unexpected situations come up that give me a real thrill. I always travel light. If I get a chance at an animal like a cougar, I go after him. I also don't mind shooting a tiger. He's a killer, anyhow.

"But I am sentimental about that bear I have a date with. I am going after him with a camera-gun. It's built just like a rifle. When you've got him you pull the trigger. The kick comes out of developing the negative, and seeing whether you would have hit or missed.

"Of course, I'll have a rifle close at hand. The bear might think I was serious and get peeved, and a mad grizzly, I'm told, is more dangerous than a hit-and-run driver.

"Hunting is a real adventure, because you can never be certain what you will run into. Any animal will fight if it's cornered.

"I had a cougar chase me once. It happened in the Kaibab Forest in Arizona. I had a dead shot at a fine one not a hundred yards off, but he looked so proud standing there I couldn't pull the trigger. I had him in sight for a full ten seconds. I don't know whether he saw me, and, to tell the truth, I didn't wait to find out, but he put his head down and started right for the thicket where I was crouching. I heard the whistle as he went by.

"Some of the most bountiful hunting country I have ever seen is in the Canadian Rockies, above Vancouver.

"I had a funny experience in Canada. We got our quarry the first day, and because we were travelling light, figured the food problem down to a fine point.

"That night a wolverine got away with what meat we had on hand, and we didn't even get a snack out of the food bag.

"Next to hunting, the greatest sport in the world is fishing. When I hooked my first steelhead on the Rogue River in Oregon, I figured after five minutes that I had snagged a ten-ton truck with the motor wide open. After ten minutes I decided I hadn't caught the salmon, it had caught me. I got him right up to the boat, ready for the gaff. The salmon took one look at me and started back for the ocean. Forty-five minutes later I landed him.

"Right then I decided it was a fine way to wind up the day's sport."

Gable closes his letter with this message: "To all you under-water men I send my sincerest wishes for a successful and safe hunt. You are the bravest hunters of all."

Answers to Mixed Doubles

(a) SUMMER & WINTER.

(b) OFFICERS & MEN.

Solution to Mediterranean Ports.

TARRAGONA.

Solution to Numerical Puzzle

2 and 18; 2 x 5/- (10/-), 18 x 2/6 (£2/5/0), and 10 x 6d. (5/-), total £3, enough for four 15/- certificates.

**Good
Morning**

Bonnie Scotland

The swirling waters of the river Dee at its source, near Braemar.



Just a bathing suit, that's all; but lovely Lucille Ball sure makes it outstanding.



"If Dad is expecting this to wake him for work in the morning, then I can certainly expect a smacked bottom before breakfast!"



"You're notning like so cute as a kid-monkey; but I must admit you're much more easy to handle."



"Yes, and, do you know, they don't miss a thing. They're all eyes and ears."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Conceited young puppies."

